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THE TAXATION OF PROPERTY.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA SYSTEM.

Comptroller General Verner Points Out the Inherent Weakness of the Law, and Sugggests a Way in which Better Results May be Obtained.

To the editor of the News and Courier: The recent discussion by the newspapers of a circular issued from the Comptroller's office, on the subject of tax returns, the article from the Columbia Bureau of the News and Courier, and your editorial on the same subject, have brought prominently before the public the subject of our present system of taxation.

It is universally conceded that a large part of the present property of the State escapes taxation, that much of that returned is at an under valuation, while the real estate is returned and assessed at a rate far below its market value.

The difficulties in our, or the ad valorem, system of taxation are three-fold; first, that of securing returns of all taxable property at fair valuations; second, of equalizing the assessments of property between individuals of the same county, and third, that of equalizing between the different counties of the State, so that the burdens of taxation shall not only be equal between individuals, but between counties. The tax returns reveal many curious facts.

In many instances these show that the greater the amount of property owned and returned by the person required by law to list his property for taxation, the smaller the valuations placed upon the items of property which make up the return, while the comparatively poor taxpayer returns his property for taxation at a high valuation, thus making the burdens of taxation unequal and consequently unjust. This is not only between individuals, but the different values, placed upon property of the same kind and character in the counties, make the counties bear burdens which are unequal.

To illustrate: A owns ten head of horses, which he returns for taxation at a valuation of fifty dollars each; ten of his neighbors own ten horses whose market value is not greater than those owned by A, yet they return them for $100 each, thus paying on the same property twice as much taxes as A. Further, the County of A returns its property which is of equal value to that of B, for less than the returns of B, and thus imposes on B taxation which it escapes by under valuation.

The much-agitated question is how shall these difficulties be remedied, fair returns secured and equal valuations be made of property, so that the burden of taxation may be equal and just.

Experience shows that, under the ad valorem system of taxation, it is almost impossible to secure just, fair and equitable returns. The different idea of values entertained by individuals owning property and assessors of various counties, the deliberate efforts of some to escape taxation, the large amount of local taxes to be raised in some counties which do not affect others, and the consequent intent of the counties to keep down assessments, are obstacles which in the practical operation of our tax laws it is difficult to surmount. In many States these difficulties in the way of the enforcement of tax laws have grown so great that the ad valorem system has been abandoned.

The system of taxation which will remove these obstacles as far as possible is that to be desired. This can be done by changing the system, and taking the good features of both the ad valorem and license system and combining them.

To do this it would, perhaps, be necessary to change the present Constitution. If the county and municipal governments could be supported by a tax upon real estate and the ordinary personal property exclusively, and have the phosphate royalty, railroad property, banking institutions, express, telegraph and telephone companies, liquor [illegible] mining interests and other corporations for State taxation, [illegible] faculty of equalization between [illegible] would at once be removed, and [illegible] would become the interest of each individual of the same county or municipality to have a fair return of property made. If the county governments were made dependent entirely on a tax to be raised upon the real and personal property of that county, and this property exempt from State taxation, then the difficulty of equalization between counties would be removed, and it would then become the interest of the individual taxpayer of that county to see that every species of property was returned with fair valuations.

Each county could be divided into a [illegible] number of assessment districts [illegible] the assessors so appointed that [illegible] would have an accurate knowledge of the amount and value of the property of each district. The county governments being dependent for their support upon the real and personal property of each county, and that property exempt from State tax, the State tax could be raised from that species of property which could be readily equalized in value by a State board of equalization, for instance railroads, banking institutions, mining interests, manufacturing companies, telegraph, telephone companies, liquor saloons, insurance companies, &c. That property whose value is easily ascertained could be taxed ad valorem, while other business whose profits are unusual on account of the peculiarity of the business could be taxed by a judicious system of licenses. The amount of revenue to support the State Government can be thus easily raised without imposing on those institutions a greater rate of taxation than that which they now pay.

The appropriations to support the State Government, for the fiscal year 1888 and 1889, amount in the aggregate to $914,165 40. This amount can be readily raised as follows:

Phosphate royalty	$200,000 00
Liquor licenses	136,800 00
Banking capital, on an assessment of $7,273,000, at 12½ mills, present rate of taxation	99,912 00
Manufacturing companies on assessment of $25,000,000, at same rate	312,000 00
Railroads on assessment of $17,000,000	212,500 00
Fees from Secretary of State's and Comptroller's office	9,000 00
The telegraph, telephone and exprees companies	1,588 00
Total	$963,300 00
Appropriations, '88 and '89	914,165 00
Difference	$48,135 00

The average rate of taxation paid by these institutions on their assessments throughout the State for all purposes, school, county and State, is 12½ mills on the dollar. This I have used in my estimate.

The exemption of this species of property from county taxation will not increase the county taxes, or make the burdens of taxation on the ordinary personal property and real estate greater than now. Under this system the State taxes could be paid directly into the State treasury, upon assessments made to the Comptroller general and equalized by a State board of equalization. The county taxes could be collected by a county treasurer, who would be both auditor and treasurer, and the present expensive system of collecting taxes be abolished.

There is a necessity for some legislation on this subject, and I write the suggestion contained in this paper to agitate the question of taxation, and secure, if possible, a more equitable system than that now of force.

Yours truly,
J. S. Verner.

Columbia, January 16, 1889.

THE MARRIAGE OF NEAR KIN.

Nothing Apparently to Justify the Common Prejudice Against It.

[Scientific American.]

There is a widespread idea that consanguineous unions produce either defective offspring or none at all. When a marriage between cousins is spoken of sterility or a deaf mute, idiotic or deformed progeny is predicted, and examples are always at hand to cite in support of the prophecy. Does this opinion rest upon positive and well-authenticated facts, or is it erroneous? This is a question that was examined a few years ago by Mr. G. H. Darwin, who, after a profound study of the subject, came to the conclusion that in the present state of science there is nothing to justify the common prejudice that exists against the marriage of near kin. More recently the subject has been further examined by Mr. A. H. Huth, who has just published an exhaustive work upon it, in which he arrives at the same conclusion that Mr. Darwin did. Mr. Huth thinks that consanguinity of itself plays no particular role in the union of individuals of the same stock. In the descendants it increases the tendencies common to the two progenitors. By reason of their relationship, the closer this is and the closer relationship of the ancestors the greater is the tendency of the descendants to exhibit the same dispositions. If these are good, consanguineous unions will be advantageous, in that they will fortify and intensify them. If, on the contrary, they are bad, such unions should be avoided, in order to prevent a reinforcement of unfavorable tendencies, which should be suppressed. But the case is identical where it is a question of unrelated persons. No reasonable person would urge two neuropathic individuals of different family to unite, because he knows that the neurosis has every chance to become intense in the descendants. On the contrary, a union between consanguineous individuals, equally healthy and well favored, ought to be encouraged. What may be urged against marriages of near kin is the faculty with which unfavorable tendencies are transmitted, and the relative rarity of the circumstances in which such marriages can really be advised. But, this admitted and explained, consanguinity of itself presents no inconvenience, especially if we consider how remote, by reason of the existing laws upon marriage, is the degree of consanguinity between individuals capable of uniting legitimately.

Upon the whole, consanguinity accumulates and intensifies tendencies. If these are bad the marriages of near kin should be avoided; if good, it may be favored. But, as unfortunately the unfavorable tendencies are more easily and frequently transmitted, because they are the ones that are established with the most facility, there is oftener more reason for avoiding than seeking such unions. Upon the whole, Mr. Huth concludes that the accusations directed against marriages of near kin are not justified in the present state of scienc.

A Pleasant Compromise.

[Burlington Haweye.]

A Cincinnati young lady possessed of a beautiful head of hair, bet it on Clevelands's re-election. The gentleman with whom she made the wager compromised by taking the lady along with her hair.

FORTUNES QUICKLY GO.

How New York Swells Manage to Spend Their Money---Youngsters Who Can Spend $1,000 in a Morning.

[Blakely Hall in New York Mail and Express.]

The amount of money which young men spend in New York sometimes without creating a ripple of talk is astonishing. I never get accustomed to it. I don't believe that any man who works for his living can. There are literally thousands of youngsters floating about town to whom money is a commodity of no more importance than mud. In Delmonico's, for instance, yesterday I met a smooth-faced, ruddy-checked and big-eyed boy of 19—who looked four years his own junior—sitting at a table drinking absinthe and smoking cigarettes. He was dressed in the prevailing mode. His father is one of the many millionaires of the town, and the boy had just got back from a shooting trip in Virginia.

"Didn't kill a bird," he said petulantly. "Whole trip a dead failure. Took two dogs with me, and one was run over by a train and the other fell ill from eating poisoned weeds. Probably die. The brace of pups cost me twelve hundred dollars in England last year. Then I came back to town."

"What are you going to do next?" I asked.

"Nothing," said the youth, gloomily. "Simply waiting here until I get a check from the gov'nor. Pulled his leg this morning, but it is all gone."

He took a small check book out of his pocket and turned the leaves reminiscently. Then he leaned over and showed me four checks which he had drawn during the morning. They were as follows:

Tiffany—Sapphire ring	$600 00
Jones—Gloves for election bets	143 00
Tandem harness	250 00
Luncheon	2 00
Total	$1,000 00

"What do you think of that?" he asked pitifully. "Only had $2 to buy food with when I got through my morning's work. I got a thousand from the governor, and if I hadn't calculated things with the utmost nicety, I'd have had to have gone without a two-dollar luncheon."

There was nothing grotesque to him about the checks, and he could not understand the amusing features of the check-book list as viewed from a business man's standpoint. Nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars for harness, sapphire ring and ladies' gloves is a sort of thing that would make an ordinary householder start.

Before he left the restaurant a messenger boy came in and thrust an envelope in his hands. The millionaire's son took out the letter, read it with a broad grin and then tossed it over to me. A check for four figures was inclosed, along with a slip of paper, on which was written with a blue pencil in a cramped, paternal hand:

"You'll be dead before I am at the rate you're now living, thank God. Take your mother a bucket of flowers and be home in time for dinner. Check inclosed."

MONEY SPENT BY STUDENTS.

The sources of expenditure of enormous incomes in New York are not difficult to place to people who know the town. Directly opposite my windows there is a beautiful little house which was entirely refitted and redecorated three months ago at an expense of not far from $10,000. Its exterior is decidedly English. The painting is green, the door knobs, blind hinges, and so on, are all of polished brass. It looks not unlike any one of ten thousand houses in the fashionable quarter of London. It is so different, however, from the high-stooped brown-stone houses of New York as to achieve notability in that particular section. About two weeks after it was finished I went there to dine. There were six men present. The interior was superb. The dining-room table was in the shape of a huge oval, with a drop light about four feet in diameter and exactly similar in form to the table, suspended from the ceiling. It was very low down near the table, and the shades, which were of crimson hangings, were lower still. A mellow flood of light was cast over the entire table, but it did not reach the level of the diners' shoulders, so that the faces were saved from the glare of the light. Four lamps stood on magnificent pedestals in each corner of the room, diffusing a mild light through the apartment. The table was banked in flowers immediately under the light, and around the embankment there were two little silver railroad tracks about three inches wide. On these tracks were small silver trucks, the precise fac-similes of those seen on big railroads, and each truck bore a decanter. The table was waited on by a portly Englishman, whose wife acted as cook. After the man had withdrawn the guests lit their cigars and passed the cordials and liquors around the table by means of the silver trucks. This is only a detail of the wonderful completeness of the house. At every point there were clever and ingenious contrivances for comfort. Our host was a man of 23 who had just got back from Harvard and who fancied he would like to have a bachelor home, where he could get away from the family occasionally and entertain his friends. I met him the other day just as we both turned the corner of the street. He asked me if his house was still there.

"It was there this morning," I said.

'I haven't been in it for two months,' he said, 'but I have been inundated with bills from the butler. We'll go in and see how things are getting along.'

The visit was wholly unexpected, but when the owner of the house opened the door with the latch key he discovered the butler sitting in his pantry attired in full evening dress, and everything in the house was precisely as though its owner had left it an hour before. There was not a speck of dust anywhere in the place. The rooms were fully aired, the larder well stocked, and everything in such admirable readiness that we sat down and took a bite of luncheon on the spot. The talk turned altogether on the escapade of the young son of a California millionairie who had just run away to Europe after marrying a woman whose reputation was "dusty," to say the least. The papers were full of the story.

"He was a surly sort of a beggar when he was at Harvard, and I am glad he has thrown himself away," said the owner of the house concisely.

It was the estimate of the son of twenty millions by the son of ten millions.

ONE OF THE COSTLY GIFTS.

Let me give you one more instance of how money goes when a typical young New Yorker is directing the distribution. It was shortly before 10 this morning, while I was on my way down town, that I saw a man whom I knew standing on the curb at Fifth avenue and Thirty-sixth street, with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth and his hat tilted forward. He had a heavily lined and dissipated face, and he was unquestionably a little shaky from rising so early in the morning. He nodded his head toward a coachman down the street, and stopped me with a motion of hand.

"I've a little present for the Duchess here. See if you think it will please her."

The Duchess, as everybody in New York knows, is the particular young woman on the New York stage who enjoys the friendship of the millonaire's son. A clatter of hoofs and then the most perfectly appointed brougham that I have ever seen drove up and stopped in the middle of the street.

"It all goes to her," said the young millionaire shortly, "horses and man included."

The brougham had a body of dark green, with claret-colored wheels, and the whole interior was beautifully upholstered in pink silk. The windows were beveled glass set in silver, and the coachman's livery was bottle green, with silver buttons, corduroys and pipe-clay boots, but the wonder of it was all was the team of sorrel horses. They were less than fifteen hands high, with arched necks, small heads, banged tails and legs as delicate as fawns. They were built like race horses. They were as perfectly matched as two peas. Their hoofs were blackened and polished till they shone like mirrors, and the flakes of foam that fell from their lips whitened their forelegs in places like snow. They reminded me more of a beautiful pair of fox terriers than horses. The man on the box was about half the size of an ordinary man, and in thorough consonance with the rest of the outfit.

"Rather a decent present," said the owner, motioning the driver away and starting toward his club.

A Growing Evil.

The public is alive to the evil of cigarette smoking. In Philadelphia, a short while ago, there was much unfavorable comment on the fact that the president of the faculty of a boys' high school in that city, where 700 boys were being educated, was an inveterate cigarette smoker. It was very properly held that his example could have no other than a bad effect. In New York, seventy-five members of the cotton exchange united the other day in condemning the cigarette habit. In Nashville some time ago, a paper was read before a body composed of the leading physicians of the city, and its condemnation of the evil was strongly indorsed.

The evils of cigarette smoking are not over-estimated. They can hardly be, when it is remembered that young boys, upon whom the future of the country depends, are the greatest sufferers.

The injurious effects are felt upon the body and the mind, and frequently upon the morals. Hardly a day passes that the newspapers do not record the loss of mind or the death of some boy from excessive indulgence in cigarettes.

There are several reasons why cigarette smoking is more hurtful than smoking in any other form. More smoke is inhaled, and more nicotine is taken into the system; the smoker of cigarettes is more likely to become an abject slave to tobacco; opium is frequently mixed with tobacco, and arsenic is often used in the preparation of the paper covering.

Mere children who would hardly become addicted to the smoking of cigars, may be seen, in this and other cities, smoking cigarettes. They don't pay much attention to the quality of the tobacco; in fact, generally they use the lowest grades.

Numerous calls are being made for legislation against the cigarette evil. A bill was introduced in Congress some months ago, looking to its suppression in the District of Columbia, and the best physicians in Washington favored its passage.

One way to abate the evil is for parents to keep themselves better informed concerning their children, and to correct their evil habits. Negligence on their part is little less than a crime.

WAS IT ALL A DREAM?

The Peculiar Story Told by Dr. W. H. Reynolds.

[From the Manning Times.]

Our readers remember a short notice in the Times, some weeks ago, where the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of Dr. W. H. Reynolds was noted; and a week or two later another notice that Dr. Reynolds had returned. We were unable until last Saturday to get a correct account of the affair, and as Dr. Reynolds is widely known throughout the county, we publish it so that his friends may have a correct version of the affair.

Dr. Reynolds for several weeks had been drinking very hard, until it finally affected his brain. On Saturday night, December 15, while laboring under this mental aberration, he left his home, not conscious of what he was doing. He has no recollection of when he left home, or how or when he got to a railroad station, nor could any of his family, by the most diligent search, find out where he had taken the train. All this is yet wrapped in mystery. He has no recollection of how much money he had with him when he left, but it is thought he had about seventy-five or a hundred dollars. When first he came to himself he was in the city of Nashville, Tenn. From this place he wrote a letter to his family, which was duly received. He here became acquainted with some gentleman, influential in a large Northwestern railroad syndicate, who kindly presented him a free pass over most of the Northwestern railroads. When he left Nashville he does not remember, but in this same state of mind visited Cincinnati, St. Paul, St. Louis and other Western cities.

IS INJURED IN CINCINNATI.

At Cincinnati he got a severe fall which resulted in concussion of the spine. He thinks there was a heavy sleet at the time, and that in getting off the train he slipped, and fell on a stone. At St. Louis he was enabled once again to regain his normal state of mind, probably owing to the severe pain he was suffering; or probably because nature would no longer submit to such a terrible ordeal. He had frequently, in his wild career, written to his family, the letters being duly received and answered, but the answers never reached him, as he did not wait for a reply: At St. Louis he met kind friends among strangers, who took him in charge, furnished him with money, put him on a Pullman palace car, and started him homeward, where he safely arrived about two weeks ago, having been absent about three weeks. His family and friends were delighted to welcome him again, and Dr. Reynolds himself was probably the most rejoiced of all to be again safely restored to his loved ones after so perilous and remarkable a trip. His suffering is severe, but it is hoped he will soon be well again, coming and going among us.

NO FAMILY OR FINANCIAL TROUBLE.

After his sudden leaving the wildest and vaguest rumors were repeated for facts, and it would take the entire six-page edition of the Times to hold the half of them. Sufficeth for it to be said, and on the best of authority, that excessive drinking was the sole cause of his going. Any rumors as to financial embarassment, or as to unpleasant social and family troubles, are denied by those who know best. Dr. Reynolds, his wife and children form, we are reliably told, a most loving and affectionate family, with not the shadow of a skeleton lurking in any secret closet.

Do such temporary mental aberrations occur often? Yes. Whiskey is the greatest curse on the face of the globe, and is the fountain head of three-fourths of all sin, ruin, misery, damnation. A few months ago we met in Laurens a gentleman who had just returned from California. He related to us his experience, which was so similar to Dr. Reynold's that they almost coincide. He had been drinking a long time, left suddenly, and came to himself as he was crossing the Mississippi River, at St. Louis. With such cases whiskey generally has little effect on the muscular or nervous system, but affects the brain. Such men may be, to use an uncouth expression, fool drunk, even crazy drunk, and yet walk perfectly straight, without the slighest swagger. Unless one is well acquainted with such a person, it is difficult to tell when he is drunk. Dr. Reynolds is thus constituted.

CALHOUN'S PREDICTION.

Where Atlanta Stands Declared, in 1838, to be the Site of a Great Inland City.

[From the Columbia Register.]

Prof. Pope, of the University, relates a very interesting incident in connection with John C. Calhoun's unerring foresight.

Some two years ago Mr. Pope paid a visit to Thomasville, Ga., and on his way thither made the acquaintance of one of those fine specimens of Georgia manhood and thrift, an old-time Middle Georgia planter, who had been a man of wealth in his day, and who, happily, yet enjoyed comfort in his old days.

This hearty old Southron claimed to be able to tell a South Carolinian at a glance, and he did not err in approaching Mr. Pope, from whom he anxiously inquired how they "were getting on in South Carolina," expressing at the same time his earnest sympathy with our people as well as the utmost confidence that they would "come out on top, where they had always been in the history of the South." The fine old Georgia gentleman said he had ever felt the profoundest admiration and love for our people, though born and raised in his own wide Georgia. He went on talking about South Carolina and her people, and said among other things: "I knew John C. Calhoun, sir, and I knew him well, and he was by far the greatest man I ever knew, though I have known in my day most of the great men of the country."

"The way I first made his acquaintance was this: In those days, somewhere about 1838, the roads were very bad in winter, and as I owned a planting interest in Alabama, it was my habit to ride from my Georgia home to my Alabama plantation on horseback. There used to be an inn near the Alabama-Georgia line where nearly all travellers stopped in going to Alabama. At this inn I put up one winter afternoon on my way to my Alabama place. Not long after, as I was seated by a comfortable fire, I saw a carriage drive up with a family, and out of it, along with the rest of travellers stepped out a tall, commanding person, who walked directly to the sitting room where I was seated, and who, after warming himself, began to talk to me in a very friendly way. He at once recognized me as a Georgian, and began to ask me some close questions about my State, which I answered as correctly as I could. He then began himself to talk about Georgia and the South generally, which soon showed me he was no common man, as he told me more about Georgia than I had ever known, though I had lived there all my life, and thought myself well informed on the affairs of my own State. He then told me who he was, and that he, too, was on his way to Alabama, and went on to talk about Georgia and her commanding relation to the South and Southwest; and when he had spoken for some time with earnestness and much force upon the subject, he rose from his seat and approached a map of Georgia, hanging on the wall, and putting his finger directly on the spot where now stands Atlanta, he said, in a short sententious way: 'There some day will be built a great inland city.' I asked him his reasons for the opinion. He said without hesitation: 'The old Indian trail centred about there, and the sagacity of those men of the forest taught them with unerring accuracy the right paths for traffic. Hence I take it that somewhere about where I place my finger the growth of the Southern States will call for a great inland centre of trade.'"

The Georgian then said: "Last year I visited Atlanta, for sure enough, just where John C. Calhoun had pointed out forty years before, the city had grown up. As I beheld the fine city, and caught on my ear the whistle of the constantly arriving trains, I thought of the marvellous man who, in my belief, had seen this city in his wondrous forecast just as I saw it there before my eyes, and as it is growing to be from day to day a great and commanding trade centre of the very region as he had foretold it would be, and that at a time when the place was a wilderness and that part of Georgia was little better than an unknown backwood."

This is indeed wonderful, and, whilst we do not pretend to give the exact language of the intelligent old Georgian, we yet repeat the exact incidents as they were related to us by Mr. Pope.

TRYING TO TRY O'BRIEN.

A Royal Old Time in the Town of Carrick-On-Suir.

DUBLIN, January 24.—The trial of Wm. O'Brien, on the charge of conspiracy, began to-day at Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary. The Government had issued a proclamation forbidding any demonstration welcoming O'Brien, but despite this 20,000 persons gathered around the Court House. Six policemen charged the crowd, using their batons freely, but were unable to disperse the gathering. The excitement in town is feverish. As O'Brien entered the Court House he was seized by a police inspector and dragged for thirty yards. The people were maddened by this treatment of O'Brien, and pressed forward to rescue him from the hands of the inspector. The police, however, repulsed the crowd. Timothy Healy, who had stepped forward to aid O'Brien, was met by a bayonet levelled at his breast, but he was not injured. A number of reporters were maltreated. O'Brien complained to the magistrate that the police were attempting to incite a bloody riot.

When the cases of James Lawrence Carew, M. P. for North Kildare, and Dennis Kilbride, M. P. for South Kerry, who are charged with offences under the Crimes Act, were called in Court at Kildard to-day, the accused failed to answer. Warrants for their arrest were issued.

A dozen persons were injured by the charge of the police. When the case for the Crown had been presented Healy, on behalf of the defendants, applied for subpœnas for Lord Salisbury and Balfour, both of whom, he asserted, had made speeches similar to those of O'Brien. The Court refused to issue the desired subpœnas. The spectators in the Court room received this decision with murmurs and the magistrates ordered the galleries to be cleared. While this was being done O'Brien exclaimed: "I'll clear out also," and started for the door. The magistrates shouted, "Stop him!" and a constable grabbed O'Brien. After a sharp struggle, with the aid of some of the spectators, O'Brien managed to reach the street with no worse damage than a torn coat. An immense crowd escorted O'Brien through town. The police used their batons without mercy upon the people, who responded with stones and sticks. During the melee O'Brien was struck violently in the breast with a rifle stock. Scores of people were injured. The Court issued a warrant for the arrest of O'Brien and then adjourned. The police, with fixed bayonets, are patrolling the streets of the town.

Twenty persons received bayonet thrusts and some of them were dangerously wounded. At least forty others were more or less seriously injured by the batons of the police. O'Brien's location is not known. It is thought he will not appear in Court to-morrow.

PETERKIN ON PHOSPHATES.

A Timely Talk to Farmers.

One of the chief causes of the impoverished condition of the farmers is the use of too much commercial fertilizer and the injudicious application of the same. For twenty years we have bought any and every thing that has been offered for sale. All that has been necessary was to put something in a sack or barrel and brand some unusual or peculiar name on it. I do not accuse the manufacturers of fraud, but do accuse my brother farmers of being the biggest set of fools in all the land, and the writer the king of fools, or the biggest fool of all.

For several years I bought ammoniated fertilizers at high prices, and applied in connection with cotton seed meal, or cotton seed in the natural state. After spending thousands of dollars in this foolish way, I dropped the ammoniated goods to a great extent and bought acid phosphate and acidulated rock, and mixed it half acid or acidulated rock and half cotton seed meal. Three or four years ago I concluded I had enough sulphuric acid and phosphate in my land, and began to put in less phosphate and commercial fertilizers, and brought it down to one hundred pounds with whatever amount of meal I used per acre. I am now satisfied that where lands have been continuously planted in cotton, that it is unnecessary to apply commercial fertilizers of any kind; the land needs rest from them for at least one year. If you buy at all, only buy to mix with meal, where you plant on lands that were grown in something besides cotton, and put not over one hundred pounds to the acre. There are various reasons for this. By using little or no commercial fertilizer the plant will start off in the spring a little slow, will have less fruit in July and stand the July and August drouth. Take the lower and middle cotton belts of the cotton States and we want to make a late or August crop. We need but little if any commercial fertilizer. The upper or clay belts need a little to get a July and August crop, will say one pound of commercial to three of meal or its equivalent of seed. The clay lands do not require any kainit or potash.

This is not all theory. I know what I am talking about. I know it from actual practice. If the farmers of the cotton country who buy commercial fertilizers will adopt this plan, say use at least one-third of the amount they have been in the habit of using, it will add many millions to their purses, and enable them to pay for fertilizers they have foolishly thrown away. Don't blame the men who manufacture or sell the fertilizers. We have encouraged them; and the demand is now so great that we can't be supplied, except at a price beyond their reach. The high price will continue. It is impossible to check it in any way, except by giving the land rest for say one year.

If you make the experiment one year you will continue it, and prices will for many years be in due bonds. Our manufacturers do not claim that the home demand has increased so much, but foreign demand. Just let the foreigners have it all this year, we will save many millions. We will have as much or more cotton, and pay up back indebtedness.

Let the agricultural clubs, the Alliances, and Granges consider this matter. If there are no societies in your neighborhood, call the neighbors together and calmly consider the matter. If you cannot do this let every farmer decide for himself, and say I will for one year let my land rest from fertilizers. It will not look so bright for us in May and June, but October and November will show you where the millions have been foolishly spent for the last twenty years.

I have been told of late that farmers could not buy it; that his only chance was to get it through his or some one else's merchant. This may be true to some extent. Of course money enough will buy it, but we don't need it. That is the subject for us to consider, and let them that have it keep it. Spin out your cotton seed from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre. Mix the stable manure fine and spread it with the hand. Make it go over a large area instead of carelessly throwing it down in piles from a pitchfork. Too many fertilizers are dangerous. They have never done the great amount of good we have imagined. Good and proper cultivation pays better than large quantities of fertilizers. There is such a thing as too much ammonia, and we oftener put too much than not enough. The phosphate and kainit, or potash salt, are there to stay. Our land needs rest from commercial fertilizers as much as it does rotation. I am almost tempted to say if you take my advice in this matter and it proves wrong, appoint a day next fall and hang me.

JAMES A. PETERKIN.

Fort Motte, January 10.

ALL EAGER TO BE JOURNALISTS.

Newspaper Offices Flooded with Applications from Amateurs—Few Draw Prizes.

"I think every young man and young woman in this town wants to go into journalism."

The speaker was one of the best known managing editors in New York City, and he passed his hand over his troubled brow as he spoke.

"I get about forty applications per day from men and women who want to become journalists, and the proprietor of this paper gets twice as many more. A young man whom I know to be making $100 per week in the dry goods business came to me this morning and offered to work for $25 per week as a reporter. It makes me a trifle weary. If these young men and women knew how many blanks there are in this lottery and how few prizes drawn they would quit."

This managing editor was in a bad humor, but he was all right as to facts. There isn't a newspaper office in town that isn't flooded with applications for work. The prizes in New York journalism are few. You are reasonably sure of drawing a blank pretty nearly every time. There are more than 1,000 hard working newspaper men in New York City. Outside of their own offices and the New York Press Club not two dozen of them are known to the general public. Those who are well known outside of New York could almost be counted upon the fingers of a single hand.

The men who have drawn prizes cannot themselves tell you how they did it. All they know is that they started at the bottom and got there—somehow.

This is not intended to encourage printers' devils to throw type around, but as an illustration.

Charles A. Dana is, perhaps, the most famous of the men who have drawn prizes. As editor of the Sun he draws a salary of $25,000 per year, and from other sources his income is swelled to about $150,000 per year, upon which he manages to live very comfortably, aided by a French cook, whose income is bigger than that of a Congressman. Dana started on the New York Tribune at a salary of $12 per week. He started in a small way from a town in the interior of Ohio. Joseph Pulitzer, of the World, is said to clear $2,000 per day. He is not a working journalist now, but not many years ago he was an ordinary reporter in St. Louis, and they say he was a hustler too. Whitelaw Reid, as a matter of form, draws a salary of some $15,000 per year from the Tribune, but his income from his stock in the paper is several times this amount. John A. Cockerill is one of the working managing editors and newspaper men, and draws a salary of $15,000 per year from the World, and has an interest in it besides. Cockerill was a typo and fought his way up from the ranks. Amos Cummings is said to have an income of $15,000 per year. He was a compositor and a private in the Union army during the rebellion, and he, too, came from the bottom up to where he is now. Chester A. Lord, the managing editor of the Sun, has a salary of $7,500 per year. He started on a small paper in the interior of this State, and had to work hard for success. But he is little known outside of New York. George F. Spinnsy, as managing editor of the New York Times, has a salary of about $7,000 per year. But he has been a hard-working journalist all his life, and the salary is not so much. He, too, is little known outside of New York.

There are probably fifty or sixty men who are simply writers, like Blakely Hall and Julian Ralph, who earn anywhere from $50 to $150 per week, but, with the exception of the men named, and four or five more, they are never heard or spoken of except in their own homes and circles.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other night, Archie Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," was a lion. He was more courted than any one at the hotel, and most of the young men around him are ambitious to become journalists. If they knew of Gunter's struggles up to the time that he succeeded in getting "Mr. Barnes of New York" before the public they would hesitate. If they could go into any newspaper office and see how long and how hard men work for small salaries, they would hesitate some more. And if they could go into some other places and see some of the wrecks that the tides of the years have cast up on the shores of journalism, they would go into some other business.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for February.

The number and names of the new States shortly to be admitted into the Union is the subject of every one's thoughts, and Ausburn Towner on "Our Would-be-States," in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for February, gives us much valuable information about Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington, Arizona and New Mexico. "The Prima Donna," by Sutherland Edwards, is filled with anecdotes, and portraits are given of the most celedratee. James S. Whitman contributes a valuable article on "The Chillian Capital," and "Animals that are Vanishing" will be read with much interest. "A Decade in Corean History" is a page of history of a country formerly but no longer, the Hermit Nation. "Quinine and its Romance" and "How Electricity is Measured" afford study for the lover of science. The stories of the number are excellent, and the illustrations beautiful.